



internal combustion



for patrick.



"even the moderns - all they've done is to abandon the wedding cake school in favor of the service station school, chucked away the gingerbread & slapped on some chromium, but at heart, they're as conservative & traditional as a country courthouse." - R. Heinlein



## my own alphabet.

the first edition, but actually the fourth volume in patrick mullins' encyclopedia. each volume centering on one letter of the alphabet.

\$1.00 ppd.

## sap #3

the final chapter in the sap trilogy. written by ian lynam and kim fern and lovingly illustrated by simon gane. full color cover.

\$2.00 ppd.

## alphonse

alphonse was this man who went door-to-door sharpening and selling knives from a pushcart throughout maria's childhood. maria's twenty-three now and this is in it's third printing.

\$2.00 ppd.

**p.o. box 673, portland, or 97207**

send a stamp and get a catalog for the latest news, fool.

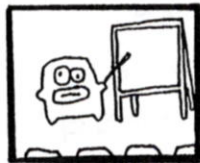


# the migraine entertainment syndicate



## PROGRESS.

great strides  
are being  
taken within  
our corporation  
to ensure that  
you, the fine  
consumer, will  
find yourself  
even more  
entertained  
after perusing  
one of our  
publications.



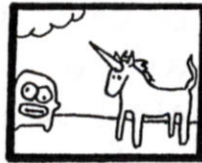
rigorous  
testing



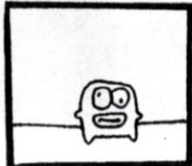
superior  
idiocy



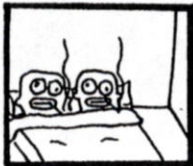
improved  
distributon.



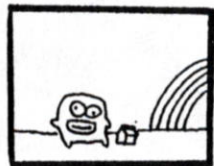
increased  
creativity



acute  
pain



extreme  
moral fiber



action-  
packed



more funny

internal combustion.

by

ian lynam



see whose got the winning hand. i have little hope for a bright and hopeful tomorrow where all the little people will hold a royal flush. more likely, they'll just get the royal flush of the corporate toilet & will be excused from the economic food chain altogether. but that's the future & this was the present. i packed up my bags & moved on... and on the third night i came here, one of my roommates & i were sittin' on the back porch steps, drinking cheap beer & smoking cigarettes and talkin' about how this town was gonna be so much better than the last one when i realized i had to piss... so i walked out into the grass and peed in front of God and everyone...

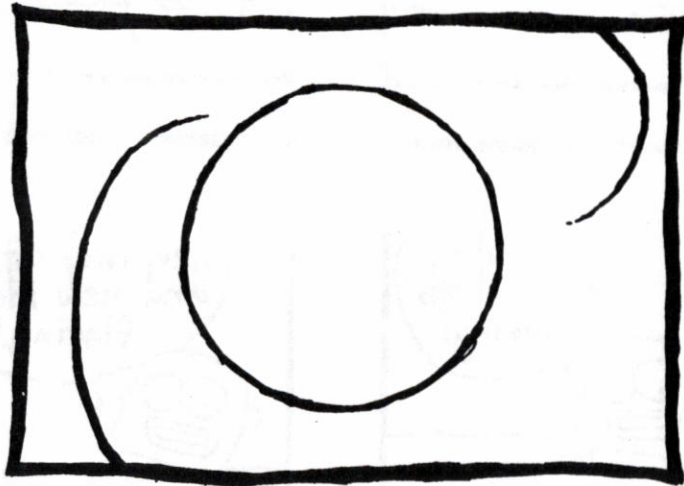
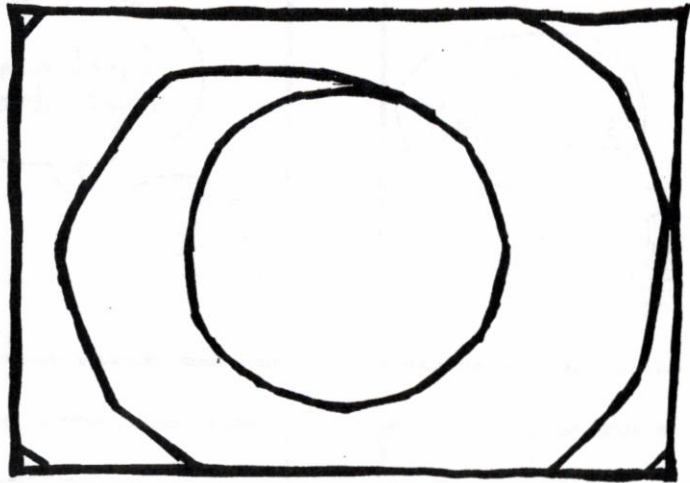
...i was home.



in a rundown part of another town with a slightly more real community that functions in and around it. i utilized my penchant for mobility inherent in most americans - a symptom of living in a place you can't love all the way... a lack of sensible ways of living being the main reason. a community is like a house of cards, yet the present tense of what communities are in ninety-nine percent of this country are as if an errant child decided to change the game and smash it all into a mess of 52 pickup. until all the players & all of the hands arrange themselves into something sustainable, we are all subject to that child of finance's whim... his interest is waning, as children's interests are often as swift as they are intense. with an economy still devoid of true hope and running on the twin vapors of credit & the collective memory of the false promises made to the general populace in the 1980's, we'll just have to wait &



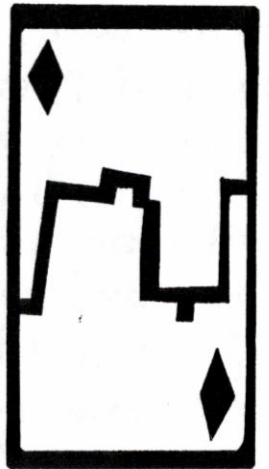
the drought.



my brother's place had a small, fenced-in backyard that he'd walk around the house to and relieve himself in every night after we got home.



he'd smoke a cigarette & look at the stars in silence.

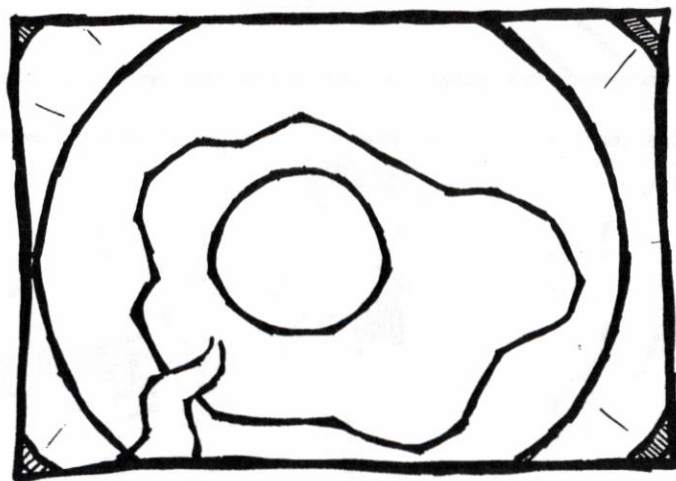
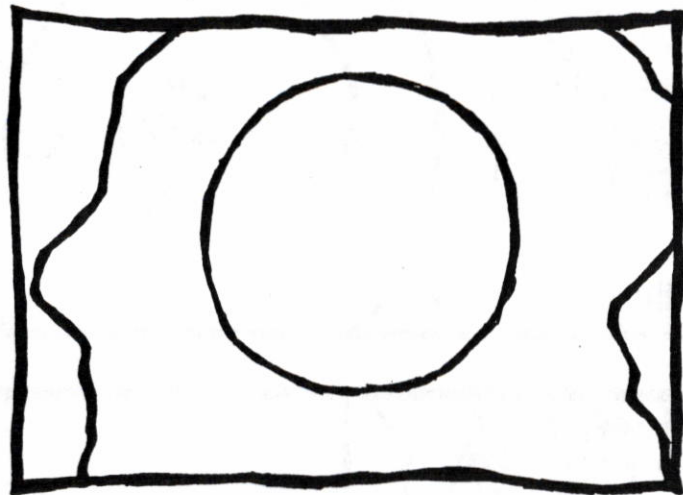


since then, i've moved to another hundred-year old house in beautiful condition

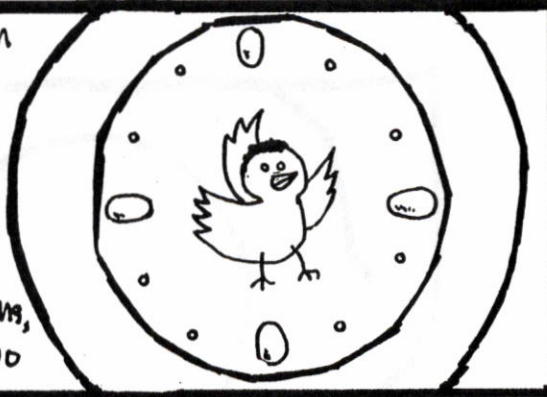




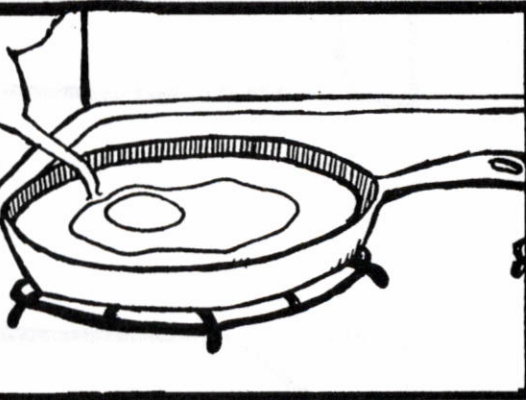
one of the most beautiful nature scenes i've ever witnessed behind the base reduced to a mere backdrop by the cyclone fencing... the one time i borrowed the van to go into town, i became incredibly lost trying to identify my brother's joint amongst the hundreds of similar cinderblock buildings on my way back. it turns out that i circled it for a half-hour before finally singling it out and parking hurriedly out front.



it hadn't rained in months. i'd wonder what i was doing in a place with as little rainfall as this three out of four seasons, getting up at two



in the afternoon i'd smoke cigarettes & drink coffee until three or usually four in the afternoon to avoid the heat & cruel sun as much as possible.



kind of thing you almost forget, & it sits in the back of your mind, waiting to be dug up... the shovel was visiting my brother in Colorado a few months ago. we'd drive into Colorado Springs proper with his son & his dog in his van, putz around, & then come home to his apartment on the military base - a pigeon shit cubicle. home for him & his

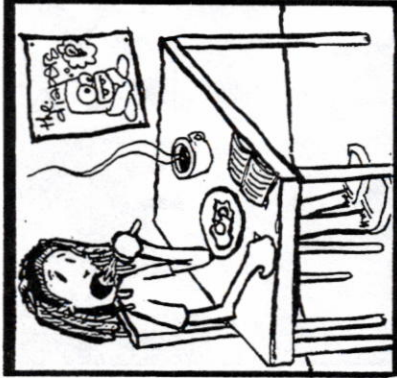
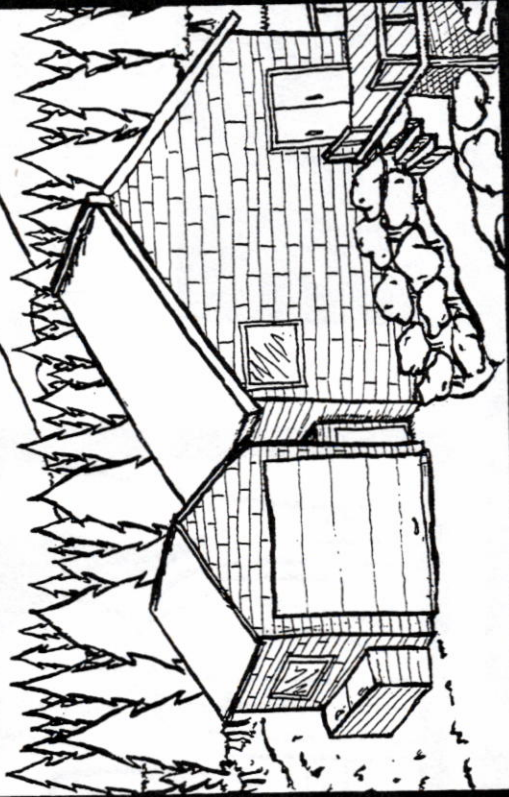
$$\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ + 2 \\ \hline 4 \end{array}$$



family was one of the scariest places i've ever been. a mess of identical cubes laid out in a giant grid devoid of any type of character. just pure mathematics & soullessness with

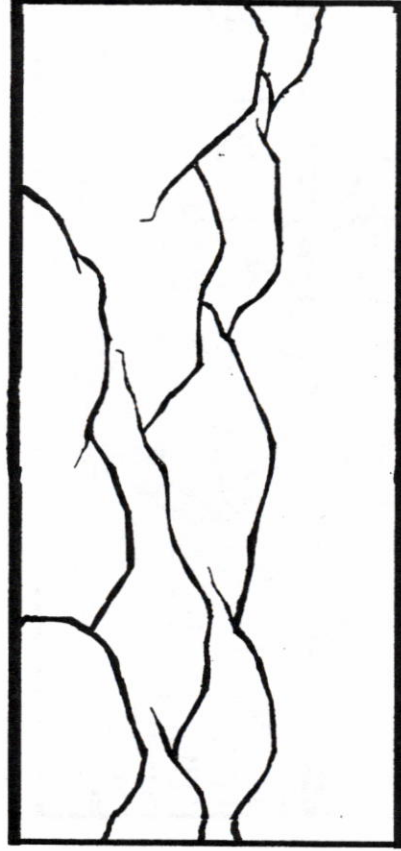


remembrance.



then, i'd venture  
outside...

one day, i walked out of downtown's  
public library & looked at the sky.  
huge storm clouds hung low & swollen  
overhead.



ever since i was a kid, i remember  
my dad coming home from work and  
walking straight to the back yard.  
i'd sneak around the side of the  
house to see if he was following the usual  
routine as he stretched out his arms  
in front of the grass and trees and  
fireflies who were just letting their  
presence be known as the sun receded  
into the background before unzipping his  
fly & peeing on the lawn... amusing  
as hell when you're a kid, but the

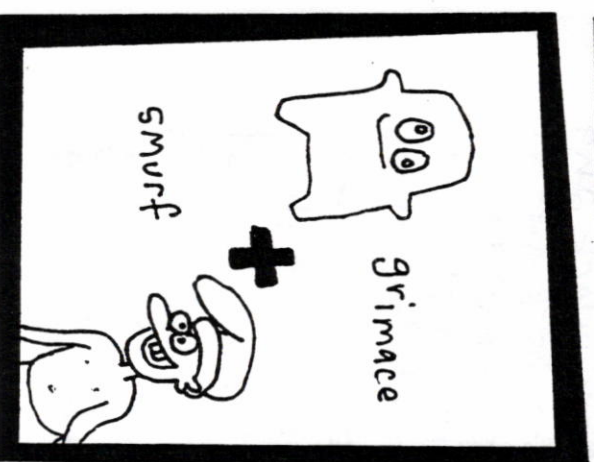
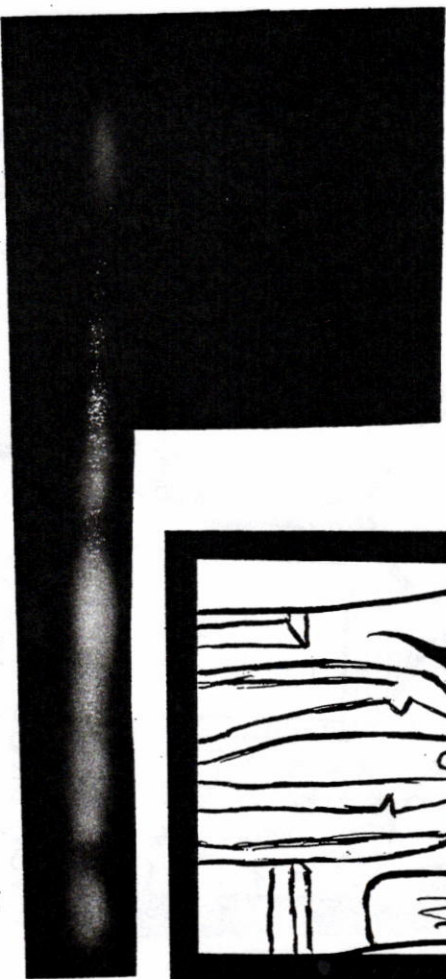




my arm ached where i'd broken it when i was sixteen. it was a good sigh. but i still had to ride my bike & backpack stuffed to the gills with books across town before the rain started.

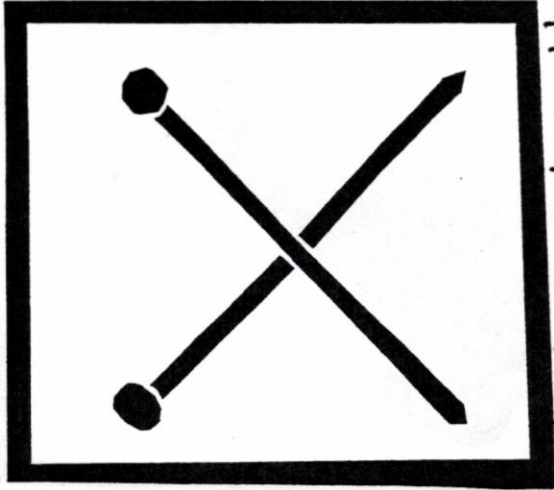


step behind her. we rode up in silence, then she turned toward me as we neared the top & smiled knowingly...



all i could return was the facial gesture i usually utilize toward strangers. i acquired it years & years ago. the most apt description that comes to mind is that of a facial shrug... it appears in times of acknowledgement, yet never fans out into a smile... just this cross between a grimace & a smirk.

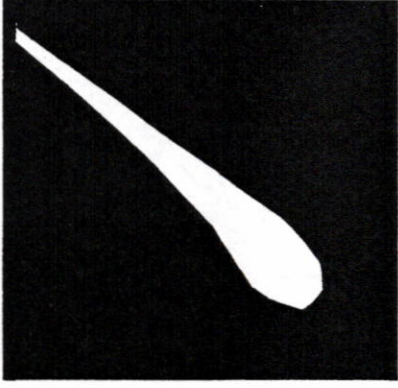
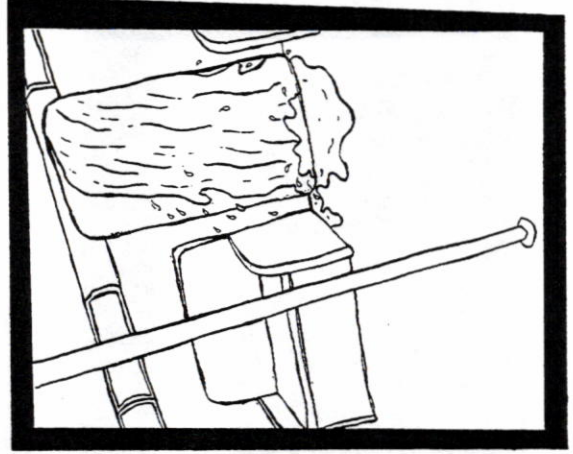




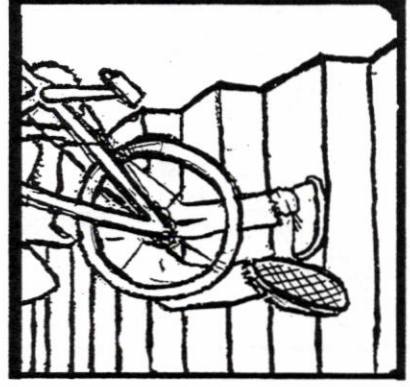
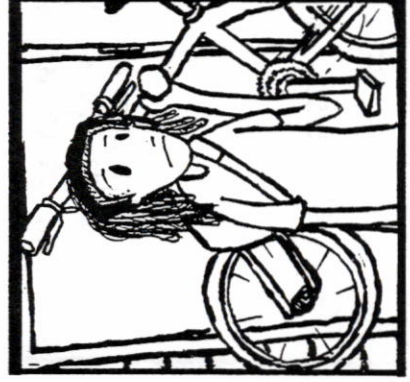
i stopped back home after my walk, then headed for the train. a girl sat across from me as the metal & plastic behemoth rumbled along the tracks. she was knitting & kept shooting nervous looks my way as her needles worked over & over

each other... when the train hit my stop, the pneumatic doors opened, & there was a huge waterfall blocking the way... the station's water main had busted a

huge leak, blocking the exit to the platform. as i stood there, bewildered, this beautiful woman with her hair drawn up in a ponytail walked up beside me... simultaneously, she & i stepped through the deluge... then, walked up to the escalator, me one



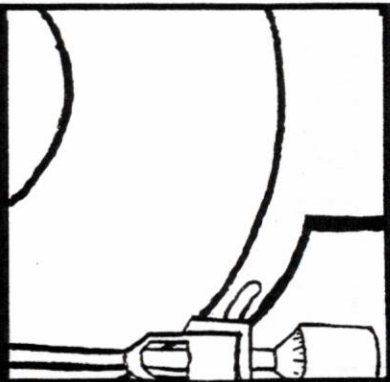
it began to sprinkle just as i reached my front door & let myself in.





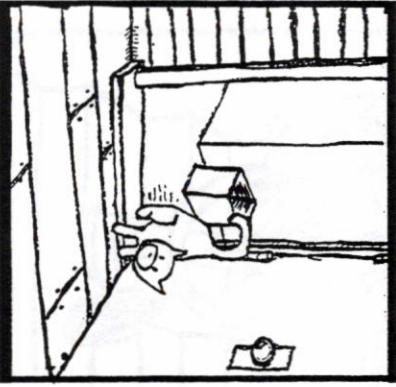
i threw a record on the turntable. the stylus caught it all - the pops, the crackles, the slight underlying hiss that years of overuse had worn lovingly

into that record. i unlocked my back door & threw it open to the rain. i ran out to the back porch and danced in the cool, glorious falling water. my cat

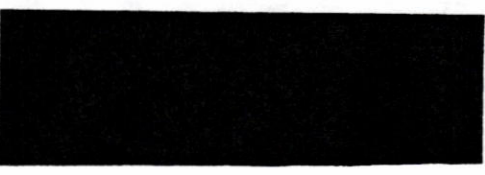
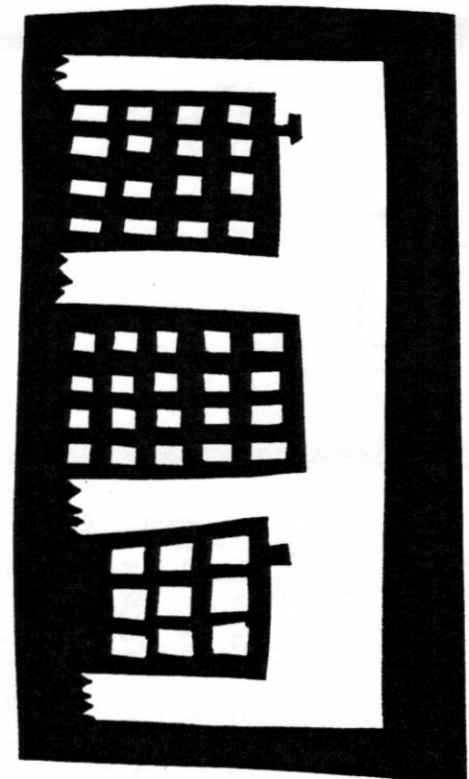


sauntered out and looked at me quizzically...

it was going to be a good night.

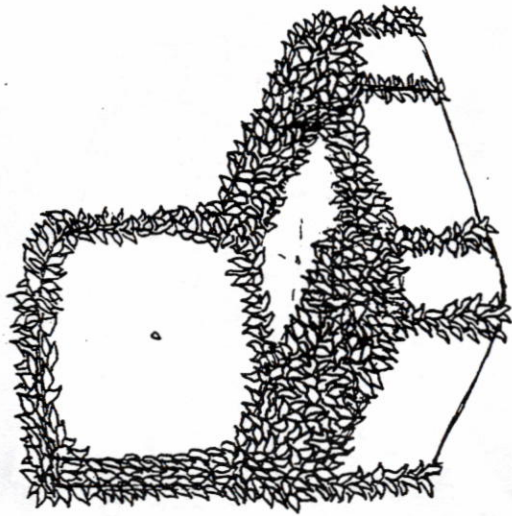


of economic necessity a novel haven for those above our means. perhaps even more disturbing is the fact that the installation is funded by a grant from a large corporation, one of the entities hellbent on disrupting local economics.





i walked past a public display up in the open storefront adjacent to sears. it's a living room full of wack furniture. i read an article all about it in the sunday paper. the artist who set it up's goal is to try to impose the possibility of actually living here on the fair consumers who come through



this neighborhood on the way to sears. this superimposition is a touching, though obviously unappealing idea to the subject audience. it's rundown & can be some what dangerous here-particularly at night. the general public knows this all too well. more than once, i've run into acquaintances filling up at the gas station around the corner while i was on a cigarette run & they were amazed that i lived where i do. and living where i do, i find it offensive as fuck that an easy chair with pink feathers pasted all over it (don't forget, it's art!) would wake a place where so many live out

the next day, i woke up, dressed, & shuffled outside.

the sun was back... hotter than ever.

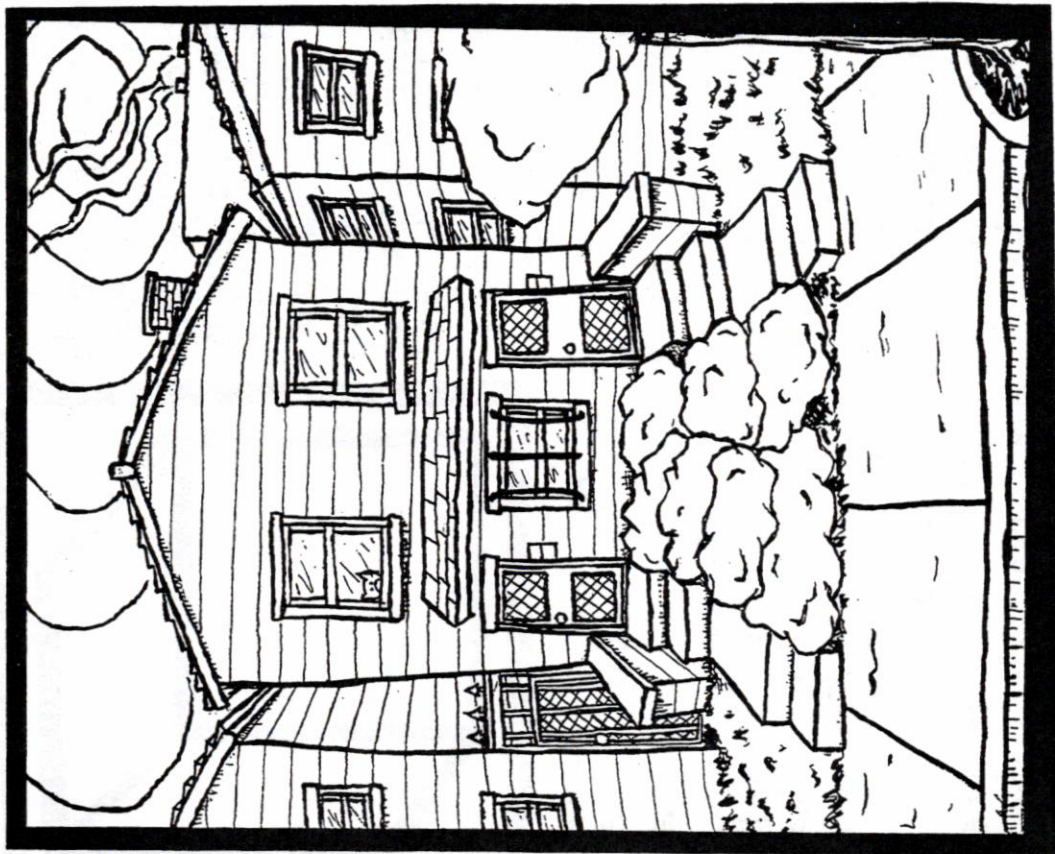
the only way things were going to change was if i changed them myself.

the bait.









house, pre-modernist in design. In other words, it's got hardwood floors, great wood detailing, & quite honestly, isn't a pigeonhole-white cubicle like the apartments most of my friends live in in other parts of town, thrown up & together in

palm trees  
 about how much I just thought  
 me palm trees I just thought  
 took my trees I just thought  
 them out trees I just thought  
 the only heads of John  
 to the that stepped out the  
 I can't ride we go out the  
 the utility room around never  
 on my giant from high floor  
 on one capus trails sides of  
 through of my next school  
 subroughly banks I took  
 baby down a few days  
 my wife in street I was  
 that as I asked I was  
 death as I asked I was  
 this if I asked I was  
 could whole I stepped  
 things destroy one of  
 at least one of  
 California one of the

take care: -jane  
I had a great time  
of staying in the  
rooming house  
one of the  
rooms. I never  
really enjoyed  
it. I was  
on the  
first floor  
and I was  
in the  
house  
with the  
other  
girls.  
I was  
in the  
house  
with the  
other  
girls.  
I was  
in the  
house  
with the  
other  
girls.





## the neighborhood.

i thought to myself as i walked down the street to get a cup of coffee & wondered as to what brought about this northern american ideal of social/economic/geographic mobility & the effect it has had on the places we live in. very few people i know are a content where they are & i believe a big part of that is the regard people hold for where they live. especially if where they live isn't really caring about.

i walked past the independently owned fast food joint & remembered back to two years previous. around 8PM one tuesday, one of that business patrons was standing in line to order when another man cut in front of him. the gentleman originally in line got so pissed that he jumped in his automobile,

gunned the engine, & drove straight into the business-cutting the cutter of the line rather messily in half with the front end of the car. i then walked past a parking lot where an independently-owned liquor store used to stand. the former owner had been shot three times while behind the counter during business hours. he sold the place to the first prospective buyer-an investment corporation looking to make a quick buck off downtown parking. i looked at all the razed lots where buildings once stood & at the boarded-up storefronts that line the street. all were vacant, save one. this used to be downtown...but they went & built highrises ten blocks away, abandoning this beautiful, historic area for dead. it boasts amazing, though decaying architecture here, as well as super-cheap rent. there's a whole lot of potential being ignored here, outshone by the giant glass cubes & neon of the new downtown. i live in a beautiful one-hundred year old

